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THE WEDDING

OF

MR. BOURBON FREE TRADE

AND

MISS NANCY INDEPENDENT,

At Chicago, July 11, 1884.

WITH A

Brief Account of Their Bridal Trip.

LETTERS FROM THE BRIDE, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.:
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1884.

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"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

[From the New Haven Palladium, July 12.]

A BRILLIANT UNION,

Happily Consumated at Chicago—Bourbon Free Trade and Miss Nancy Independent—Throngs of Admiring Friends—Many Gifts and Messages of Congratulation.

The engagement which has been the principal topic of conversation in all circles for the past few weeks, has at last come to a happy conclusion, as shown by the following notice:

MARRIED.

In Chicago, July 11, 1884, Mr. Bourbon Free Trade, son and successor to the business of Old Pro-Slavery Democracy, and Miss Nancy Independent of Grumbletown. No cards.

The high contracting parties to this union had been wedded once before at Baltimore in 1872, at which time the bride was given away by her Uncle Horace, but important events which took place a few months later caused dissensions in the family and a divorce was obtained. Latterly, however, mutual friends surmising that the old love still existed have brought the parties together once more and joy now reigns supreme.

The ceremony took place at Exposition Hall, in the city of Chicago at one o'clock. In the absence of H. W. Beecher, the nuptial rites were performed by Hon. William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, George William Curtis in his most gracious manner giving the bride away, and Dan Manning acting as best man. As the happy pair walked slowly up the aisle, followed by the admiring glances of many friends, the county machine glee club of New York rendered the following selection, to the air of "Oh, Susannah":

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still,
We dream't we saw Miss Nancy
Coming down Beacon Hill;
An old shot-gun was in her hand,
Reform was in her mouth,
She said I've joined the Ku-Klux band,
I'm going for a solid South!

Chorus—

Oh, Miss Nancy,
We are very fond of you,
We'll march and shout together,
And we'll beat the old tattoo.

The groom was attired in a suit made expressly for the occasion, and consisted of a coat of Confederate gray cloth cut high in the neck—the material being so thin and frail that many feared it would tear if for revenue only. The vest and pantaloons were of the same fabric, the pantaloons being made very close and tight-fitting in front and extremely baggy behind, indicating that the wearer could much more easily move backwards than take any steps in advance.

The bride's costume was made by Pierce, Codman & Co., of Boston, after the most approved reform methods. It consisted of a toga or mantle of civil serviceable black cloth, thrown around the shoulders and falling in graceful folds over the heaving bosom and down below the waist; the skirt was of black silk, kilt plaited, and trimmed with Hamburg, S. C., tissue edging, arranged in the form of ballots; the stockings were also of black, and black ribbons bound up the few fading ringlets of hair. As the pair reached the desk, the groom turned and seeing this maid of many summers in such somber colors standing by his side, the following conversation took place:

Bourbon—Why this garb of mourning, my love? Your aspect is quite dusky—but yet not uncomely.

Miss Nancy—If I chose I might be whiter! but I have a penchant for black—it is so honest, and besides it is a color that can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear. It also imparts more dignity to my figure, and I prefer it even for my bridal robes!

Bourbon—As you wish, my dear, but you know with us blacks don't count.

The service was simple yet quite impressive—it was a thrilling moment when the presiding magnate said in stentorian voice: "If any person here present knows of any good and sufficient reason why Bourbon and Miss Nancy should not now be joined together and become as one twain to beat Blaine, let him now speak or else forever hereafter hold his peace and agree to support the ticket."

A large number of invitations had been sent out and the hall was thronged with the friends of the bridal pair. Among those present were Wade Hampton and Ex-Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina, William H. Barnum, Simeon E. Baldwin, Tommy Sullivan and James Gallagher of Connecticut, W. H. English and Dan Voorhees of Indiana, Rev. James Freeman Clarke and Thomas W. Higginson of Massachusetts, Dan Magone, Carl Schurz, Hubert O. Thompson, Mike Norton, F. C. Barlow, T. F. Grady of New York, and other distinguished reformers.

The wedding gifts were numerous and some of them quite unique and costly. A. S. Hewett sent a lithographed copy of the Morey letter. William H. Barnum presented seven mules (all kickers). The National Democratic Committee sent 329 pieces of chalk left over from last campaign. Jefferson Davis sent a hope that the lost cause was not entirely lost. The Cobden Club of England sent a draft for one thousand pounds with a promise of more. Thomas F. Bayard sent a Diamond match box with stamps on. Charles Francis Adams sent his congratulations on ice. Pro-

fessor W. G. Sumner sent 100 speeches on free trade sewed together with Willimantic thread. Benjamin F. Butler, Allen G. Thurman and others sent regrets. One of the gifts attracted considerable attention; it was presented by the Secretrry of the New Haven branch of the S. P. P. P. (society for the promotion of political purity), and consisted of the names of forty-seven political martyrs written on slips of gilt-edged card-board, carefully wrapped in cotton batting, and hermetically sealed in a sardine box, in order to keep them pure and unspotted from the world.

Mr. Tilden sent the following cipher dispatch:

GREYSTONE, July 11, 1884.

To the Bride and Groom:

Bless you my children; when you get to housekeeping remember to keep a warm spot for your Uncle Samuel; if you don't I will never condone it; never. S. J. T., 1876, X.

Collect $1.04.

Mrs. Precilla Bedott, the gifted author of "Beautiful Snow," sent the following tender effusion to the bride:

"Old Bourbon the brave and Miss Nancy the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the fondest of ties,
And with love in their hearts and a barrel on tap,
They will pull for reform and for government pap.

Oh, Bourbon! dear Bourbon, Miss Nancy did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmantled her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye,
Oh, Bourbon! dear Bourbon! I'm yours till I die."

The happy couple left Chicago Friday evening for an extended trip through the country, after which they will return to the banks of Salt River where their home will in future be located.

[New Haven Palladium, July 21.]

A FESTIVE OCCASION.

Bourbon Free Trade and His Bride—Their Wedding Reception—The Programme of Exercises—Brilliant Speeches, Joyous Songs and Happy Congratulations.

The many friends of Mr. Bourbon Free Trade and Miss Nancy Independent, who were married in the city of Chicago on July 11, have decided to give that happy couple a wedding reception on their arrival in New York. The entertainment will take place at

the University club on East Twenty-sixth street, on Tuesday, July 22. The following will probably be the

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

Address of welcome to the bridal pair,	Henry Ward Beecher
Hymn—"The Voice of Free Trade,"	Machine Glee Club
Response for the Bride,	George William Curtis
Response for the groom,	"Boss" McLaughlin
The Platform,	Benjamin F. Butler
Song—"Ben Bolt."	
The Independent Fiasco of 1872,	Carl Schurz
Kickers (Mules),	William H. Barnum
The "Riff Raff,"	Rev. James Freeman Clarke
"The Society for the Promotion of Political Purity,"	Simeon E. Baldwin
Ode to Reform,	Hubert O. Thompson
Hymn—"Where are the Nine Hundred and Ninety and Nine?"	Glee Club.

Mr. Beecher's address will picture in his usual felicitous style the beauties of free trade, and its effects in enabling the working man to live on bread and water. In closing Mr. Beecher will give out Hymn 329 from the Bourbon collection, sixth series:

> The voice of free trade cries escape from protection,
> With the old Bourbon race we have formed a connection;
> With all its uncleanness and crimes without number,
> We'll give it our help and support in November
> All hail to old Bourbon, we'll praise thee forever,
> And join thee at last on the shores of Salt River.

Mr. Curtis, in his response for the bride, will probably repeat what he said at Chicago: "We are confronted with the Democratic party, very hungry, and as you may well believe, very thirsty—a party without a single definite principle, a party without any distinct national policy which it dares to present to the country; a party which fell from power as a conspiracy against human rights, and now attempts to sneak back into power as a conspiracy for plunder and spoil."

General Butler will say that he is not present at this festive gathering on invitation, but on account of his kinship to the bride, he being somewhat of an independent himself. Referring to the platform, he will say that it should be utilized in raising funds for campaign purposes. Negotiations should be opened at once with P. T. Barnum, who would probably give a large price for it for exhibition as a political "what is it."

When Simeon E. Baldwin is called upon to speak for the "S. P. P. P." a breathless silence will pervade the entire assembly, a silence only broken here and there by the sob of some one who perhaps has heard him before. When he tells of the 600 republicans in New Haven who are expected to vote for Cleveland, his cheeks will fairly glow with enthusiasm, not that it will require very much cheek to make a little statement like that, but what he does have will

glow. He will also probably say that it will be a proud day for him when he can visit New York and stand side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, with Thompson and McLaughlin and Sheriff Davidson and Tim Campbell and the rest of that noble band of reformers in advancing the holy cause of political purity. In closing Mr. Baldwin will call upon the secretary of the New Haven branch of the society to confirm his statements.

Talcott H. Russell will say that what Brother Baldwin thinks he thinks, and as Brother Baldwin votes so shall he. He will further say that in his opinion the action of the New Haven independents will settle the whole business, that the republican party is ruined and will probably have to go into bankruptcy, in which case he shall apply to be appointed receiver.

Hubert O. Thompson will read the following:

ODE TO REFORM.

Reform is now the democratic theme,
Our hopes by day, by night our constant dream.
How long, my fellow mourners, oh how long,
Has this cry been the burden of our song?
For four and twenty years we've hardly had a nib,
Or sucked a pap from out the public crib,
Therefore we'll cry reform, it suits in every case;
Each hungry bummer seeking a fat place,
Should shout reform, 'twill surely help us win
And turn the rascals out, and let us pure men in.
Time was ere yet in this degenerate day,
When democratic leaders held full sway—
That men were honest, no reason for reform,
The purest thoughts in every heart beat warm.
Let us a few of those bright names recall:
Genet and Connolly, Tweed, and Oakey Hall;
On others too our minds delight to dwell,
Jeff. Davis, Mason, Wigfall and Slidell,
Pure patriots all—oh, how happy should we be,
If once again we could such leaders see.
For this our souls and itching palms aspire.
Come then dear bolters and help our fond desire.
Come join our numbers, share with us the toils,
We'll give you all the honor, and we will take the spoils.

The exercises will close with the singing of the hymn,

"Where are the 999?"

[New Haven Palladium, July 30.]

THEIR BRIDAL TRIP.

Bourbon and Nancy En-route from New York to Louisville—Experiences by the Way—A Letter from the Fair Bride—Mass Meeting, Wedding Gifts, etc., etc.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell,
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

The friends of Mr. Bourbon Free Trade and Miss Nancy Independent, who were united in the bonds of political matrimony, at Chicago, on July 11, 1884, will be pleased to hear that they have reached Louisville on their wedding trip and are as well as could be expected after their long and somewhat tedious journey. The following letter from the fair bride to a friend in this city, which we are kindly allowed to publish, will doubtless be read with interest:

GALT HOUSE, Louisville, Ky., }
July 26, 1884. }

My Dear Mr. R———, Secretary S. P. P. P.: Your affectionate letter reached us while at Indianapolis, and I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear from you. I did not expect that you would have the time to write so long a letter, as I know that nearly the whole burden of this campaign rests on your shoulders, and that I should think would interfere somewhat with your correspondence. We did not remain long in New York after we saw you at the University club; the atmosphere was quite chilly there, and we had no protection clothing. Bourbon said he never was in New York when he had so few calls as at this time—and his wedding trip too—it was surprising. Hubert O. Thompson and "Boss" McLaughlin and George William Curtis and Sheriff Davidson were quite attentive, but the absence of many of Bourbon's old friends was noticeable. Most of the gentlemen that we met in society and about the hotel belonged to the "riff raff" and of course were beneath our notice. The only new acquaintance I made was that of your friend from New Haven, Mr. Moulton, the distinguished orator and statesman. I think he is real sweet.

We started on the twenty-third by easy stages for Indianapolis and Louisville. Bourbon says he likes these easy stages. He says the worst time he ever had staging it was four years ago, when his company, under Manager Barnum, were acting the comedy of "3 20 9 or the Boomerang." He says the play was not a success, and the company lost barrels of money. We reached Louisville yesterday morning very tired, and in the language of dear Mr. Curtis "very hungry, and as you may well believe, very thirsty." Bourbon says he does not like such long rides between drinks.

The people here try to make it pleasant for us, and Bourbon has many friends here. But notwithstanding all that, I am not very happy. Their ways and methods are so different from ours in former campaigns. Last night I went with Bourbon to attend a rati-

fication meeting. Mr. Hendricks had come down from Indianapolis and the hall was quite full. I was asked to speak, and I fear I made a bad mess of it. Before I married into this Bourbon family I could talk fluently on almost any national topic, but now my tongue seems tied. I could not speak of the patriotism and heroic services of our brave boys in blue in saving the nation, for four-fifths of the gentlemen on the platform were confederate colonels and brigadiers, and that would have been in bad taste. I could not talk of that sublime act of my old party under the immortal Lincoln, in proclaiming liberty to four million of slaves, for there sat Mr. Hendricks, who voted against the thirteenth amendment, and who was, as Mr. Curtis said, "the inconsiderate ally of the aggressions of slavery." I could not talk of protection to American industry, and point to the wonderful growth and prosperity of the country under a protective tariff, for Mr. Carlisle and Frank Hurd of Ohio were to follow me, on the inestimable blessings of free trade. I could not enter into any discussion of Mr. Blaine's record, for the Buffalo papers say that Mr. Cleveland—but pardon me, my modesty forbids my entering upon that subject. I certainly could nor advocate a free vote and a fair count, for there was my respected partner, Bourbon, with his pockets full of tissue ballots, and I knew it. I seemed to be handicapped at every point. I managed to say, however, that I hoped we should "turn the rascals out," and let the "star-eyed goddess of reform settle upon our poor benighted land, and adjust herself like a liver-pad to our body politic;" and then I sat down, but I was covered with confusion as with a garment, and I went back to the hotel sad and lonely and very much depressed in spirits. I would have given my last new jersey (not the state, that's gone already), to have had a good half hour's talk with you at that time. Here is what I wrote in my diary that night before retiring:

"Oh for a sight of Curtis' face,
To shine amid this gloom,
To mitigate this lonesome place,
And shed a sweet perfume."

Bourbon remained after the meeting to arrange about some mules, and when he came in he brought several of his friends with him and they stayed until most morning trying to make out a cipher dispatch that had just been received from Uncle Samuel. I could hear them in an adjoining room talking about "two-pairs'" and a "queen full," and "auntie," though whose "auntie" they meant I don't know, unless some of them were so irreverent as to speak of old Mr. Tilden as aunt instead of uncle. Neither do I know what they finally made out of the dispatch, for I went to sleep and left them wrestling with it. We are receiving a good many of these cipher dispatches now. Here are two that came yesterday:

New York, July 25, 1884.

To Bourbon and Nancy, Louisville, Ky.:

The sunlight of publicity has finally struck us. Better hedge. Ten words—collect 75 cents. Manton Marble.

HEADQUARTERS,
NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE,
NEW YORK, July 25, 1884.

To Mr. Bourbon Free Trade. Galt House, Louisville, Ky.

Make your hotel bills and other expenses as light as possible. Our independent allies furnish no mules, but plenty of jackasses.

WILLIAM H. BARNUM,
[21 words, D. H.] Chairman of Committee.

You remember that Brother Jones of the New York Times said four years ago "that Mr. Barnum conducted that campaign on such a low level as to disgust and alienate the better men of his party, and retired him from the public presence covered with disgrace and an object of well deserved contempt." But Mr. Barnum seems to have "bobbed up serenely" again as manager of another campaign. From the above dispatch I don't think our folks like it much.

I have had a few more gifts since I saw you. Among others was a miniature barrel made for an attachment to my watch chain. This was given me at Indianapolis by William H. English and Thomas A. Hendricks two copper heads, and four hoops, make it a very attractive ornament.

We shall go from here to St. Louis. Please direct your letters to that place. Affectionately yours,

NANCY I. BOURBON.

P. S.—Bourbon bought me a new hat yesterday. It was a "Bolingbroke" made of gray straw, and trimmed with magnolia blossoms and bourbon cocktails. I think these white plumes that the "riff-raff" are wearing are just horrid.

Once more yours, NANCY.

(New Haven Palladium, Aug. 2d.)

NANCY DEPRESSED.

Another Letter from the Bride.—Complaining of Lack of Attention—Is Cleveland Ungrateful?—A New Campaign Song—The Tissue Ballot Issue—More Dispatches.

Mr. Bourbon Free Trade and she that was Miss Nancy Independent have reached St. Louis on their wedding trip. Another letter from the bride has been handed us for publication. It is as follows:

PLANTERS' HOTEL, St. Louis,
AUGUST 5, 1884.

My dear Mr. R——:

When my respected partner, Bourbon, gets the blues, he goes out to see a man, and comes back smelling like a democratic pri-

mary, while I remain here in my room and seek relief to my o'erburdened heart in writing you a confidential letter. The blow has fallen, and from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Cleveland visits Mr. Tilden at Greystone, and consults with other bourbon leaders regarding his letter of acceptance, but seeks no conference with Curtis or Schurz, or Codmar or Baldwin, or any of our noble band of reformers. Is it possible that there is a depth of infamy below which even the Buffalo papers have not sounded? Can it be that this man, hitherto considered of such spotless purity, is guilty of the sin of ingratitude? I fear so. Did we not force his nomination upon the party at Chicago? Did we not show a hundred thousand independent voters—on paper—in New York state alone? When Bourbon sought my hand in political wedlock, when he came wooing me with his soft and flattering caresses, did I not refuse to plight my troth and bid my poor fluttering bosom to hush its throbbing, until the condition that Cleveland should be the nominee was complied with? And now it seems in the preparing of this acceptance, which I presume will be ten times as long as the Morey letter, we are to have no voice. Oh, my friend, I feel that I could say with Marc Antony over dead Cæsar's body:

"This was the most unkindest cut of all,
For when the noble Schurz felt this stab,
Ingratitude more strong than Dana's Sun
Quite vanquished him;
Then burst that traitor's heart."

Another reason why I feel so depressed in spirit is that my actions have been so misconstrued. I have been charged with marrying Bourbon for money or for notoriety, which I think is a real mean thing to say. It is true that we independents like to be noticed, and are inclined to kick if we can't have our own way; but the principal reason why we joined the bourbons was that we might elevate the tone of their party, and raise them to that high standard of moral purity and excellence that we independents occupy. The press have persistently misinterpreted what Mr. Curtis said at Chicago, about the hunger and thirst of the democratic party. What he meant was, that they were hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and the independents have undertaken to fill them. I know it is a big job, but our righteousness, like that of the Pharisees, spreads very thin, and will therefore go a good ways. As Mr. Evarts said, "the independents thought that a little leaven would leaven the whole lump of impurity," and so eleven of us have taken the contract. Hubert O. Thompson, the boss contractor of New York, has offered $999 to take it off our hands, but we want thirty days to consider it.

But I must turn to other and more cheerful topics. We are quartered here at the Planters' hotel, and Bourbon has many callers. We attended another mass meeting last evening, where considerable enthusiasm was shown. There were about 1,200 present besides myself. In the language of a "down east" skipper in describing the loss of a coasting schooner, "the Betsy Jane was

wrecked and all on board perished—eleven souls and one Boston man;" so at this meeting there were 1,200 democratic souls present and one independent. I was asked to speak again, but remembering my lamentable failure at Louisville, I politely declined. After a letter of regret from Jefferson Davis had been read and an address delivered by General Hooker of Mississippi, the meeting closed with the singing by the Southern Glee club of the following song, entitled:

THE DEMOCRATIC ARK.

The "riff raff" drove the reptiles in,
One wide river to cross;
The Copperhead and the Moccasin,
One wide river to cross.

Chorus.

One wide river,
And that wide river's a salt one;
One wide river,
One wide river to cross.

The mule and the jackass two by two,
One wide river to cross;
And the ticket called the kangaroo,
One wide river to cross.

Cho.—One wide river, etc.

Before the cages were quite full,
One wide river to cross;
There came along a Buffalo Bull,
One wide river to cross.

Cho.—One wide river, etc.

And the "riff raff" with their votes 'tis said,
One wide river to cross;
Will slay the Bull and the Copperhead,
One wide river to cross.

Cho.—One wide river,
And that wide river's a salt one;
One wide river,
One wide river to cross.

It is uncertain yet whether we shall go any farther south on our wedding trip or not. Bourbon has a number of thousand of tissue ballots left yet, and he asked me to-day if we had better go down to New Orleans with them, I told him he must not consult me about such matters. If the party must use tissue ballots, and if Bourbon can't support me and my mother-in-law, George William Curtis, without resorting to such methods, all I can say is that it should be done without my knowledge. We have received several

more cipher dispatches since I wrote you. Among others are the following:

BOSTON, August 2, 1884.

To Nancy I. Bourbon, Planters' Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.:

The independents are not coming forward quite as we expected. Can you suggest any way to draw them out?

C. R. CODMAN.

To this I replied as follows:

ST. LOUIS, August 4, 1884.

To Colonel C. R. Codman, President Boston Branch, Society for Promotion Political Purity, Boston, Mass.:

Try a flax seed poultice. It is soothing as well as drawing, and will not irritate the tender flesh. NANCY.

Collect $1.38.

Mr. Barnum wires us confidentially as follows:

NEW YORK, August 4, 1884.

To Bourbon Free Trade and Bride, St, Louis, Mo.:

Go as light as you can on free trade in your speeches. Personally I am a protectionist. I think the only articles that should go on the free list are mules and chalk.

D. H. WILLIAM H. BARNUM.

Write me as often as you can conveniently, and direct to St. Louis until you hear from me to the contrary.

Very affectionately yours,

NANCY BOURBON,
nee Independent.

P. S.—Many thanks for the copies of the New York Evening Post, which I have perused with much pleasure. I am so glad that I am not a widow.

Once more yours, NANCY.

(New Haven Palladium, Aug. 15.)

NANCY ANXIOUS.

Advertising a Lost Candidate—Another Letter from Bourbon's Fair Bride.

PALMER HOUSE,
CHICAGO, August 11, 1884.

My dear Mr. R——:

I write you in great haste, and with an anxious heart. We seem just now to be all at sea, and to be traveling without chart or compass. Will you please have inserted without delay in the newspapers the following advertisement:

$999 REWARD.

LOST OR STRAYED—A democratic candidate for the presidency who answers to the name of Grover, but whose real name is Stephen; weights about 250 pounds, is usually of very pure and correct habits, but just now is thought to be a little off. When last seen he was going toward the wilderness with an unfinished letter of acceptance in his pocket, accompanied by Smith M. Weed. It is feared that some evil has befallen the young man, and his somewhat numerous family are quite anxious regarding his whereabouts. Any information will be thankfully received by his mother-in-law, George William Curtis, at the office of Harper's Weekly, or by Hubert O. Thompson, at the national democratic headquarters.

1td&w

Register copy.

We have just returned to Chicago and have once more visited the spot where Bourbon and myself were so publicly united in the tender ties of matrimony. To-day is the monthly anniversary of our wedding, when Colonel Vilas pronounced us one twain to beat Blaine. I wrote in my diary last night:

"One month of wedded life is past,
Just thirty days, and without grace,
Oh, Bourbon dear, we little knew
How hard would be this up-hill race."

Our experience thus far has indeed been full of trials and disappointments. With widows behind us, and the Widow Butler in front of us, the woods seem to be full of widows, and perhaps that is why Grover has gone there. But as Mrs. Bedott says:

"Why can't calculate
With any sort of cartainty
Of what shall be our fate."

I noticed the letter reported to be yours in the Register of Aug. 8. The sentiments there expressed were admirable, and I am glad that you had the courage and the manliness to father the letter, although not its author, thus imitating the example of our noble leader in the Halpin case.

I have no time for more now,

Anxiously yours, NANCY BOURBON,
nee Independent.

P. S.—May I presume upon your generosity to do us another favor? Will you please ask your friend, Mr. Sargent, not to take out any more permits for building until after the campaign is over. It interferes greatly with our argument that protection is ruinous. If he would stop all business, and shut down his works for a couple of months it would be doing us free traders a great service.

Once more yours,

NANCY.

[From the New Haven Palladium, August 20.]

NANCY IN CHICAGO.

Bourbon Stumping it in Ohio—The Waning Honeymoon—The Fair Bride Troubled in Mind—Her Wedded State Not So Blissful as Anticipated—Sad Forebodings.

PALMER HOUSE,
CHICAGO, August 16, 1884.

My Dear Mr. R——:

Your letter of August 10 was very thankfully received, and I am under great obligations to you for complying so promptly with my request in regard to your townsman, Mr. Sargent. You write that he has already taken out a permit for his new building, and that so great is the pressure of business that he can't stop and shut down his works without too much of a loss. Well, all I can say is that a man who won't make a little sacrifice like that for a party that represents free trade, purity and reform, is not much of an ally. But if he says he won't, he won't, for I am told that he is as stubborn as one of Barnum's mules. I like, however, the way he writes in his letters to the *Register* about his great desire to get cheap raw material. Of course he means cheap labor, but it won't do to say so until after the campaign is over. In order to compete with Free Trade England, labor must come down to the extremely low prices paid there. We all understand that, but it is rather a shrewd dodge to call it raw material, and I only hope that Mr. Sargent's workmen will not "catch on to it" until after election.

Bourbon has been in Ohio stumping it for the last week, while I have remained here in Chicago. A good many of our friends have called on me, and Carter Harrison has taken me out to ride several times and has tried to make it as pleasant as possible. I should feel quite contented but for the very depressing effect of Bourbon's letters. He says that the canvass in Ohio looks very bad indeed. The Independents are no longer shouting for Cleveland, but claim now that they shall vote for St. John; and the farmers throughout the State say that we can't pull any free trade wool over their eyes. The last note that I received from Bourbon was so sad and discouraging in its tone that it drew tears from my eyes, and filled my heart with anxious forebodings. I could not but feel that he had some trouble on his mind that he was trying to conceal from me, so I wrote him the following lines:

NANCY TO BOURBON.

Oh, Bourbon dear, may I inquire
How you could write so sad a note?
Has the barrel burst? Have mules gone higher?
Is there trouble with the Irish vote?
Is Miss Columbia finding fault
With you again? I'd like to choke her—
Or have you lost large sums of cash,

As at Chicago, playing poker ?
There is some secret care, I fancy,
That you are keeping from your Nancy.

I waited two long days in anxious suspense for an answer to my inquiry. It came to-day and reads as follows :

BOURBON'S REPLY.

And dost thou ask what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth ?
Ah, Nancy, would'st thou seek to know
A pang, e'en thou must fail to soothe ?

It is not drinking whisky straight,
Or betting on a bob-tailed flush,
It is that nearly every State
Will go against us with a rush.

It is the evidence we see
The bolters mean to sell us out ;
They forced on us this nominee,
And now for Prohibition shout.

Ohio'l surely go for Blaine,
I've felt it every turn I've made,
In spite of Editor McLean,
Or Frank Hurd's speeches on free trade.

And through this canvass we must go,
With such a nomination curst,
And all our solace is to know
Whatever comes, we've had the worst.

What is that worst ? Nay, do not ask,
In pity from the search forbear ;
Smile on, dear Nancy, nor unmask
My heart, and find a widow there.

Now, my friend, you see that I was right about it. No wonder Bourbon tried to hide it from me ; there was a woman in the case. There almost always is. Everything seems to be at odds and ends, and Cleveland still in the woods. I wish—but never mind, I won't write what I was going to, but if I had known six weeks ago what I know now, I would not have married into this Bourbon family for all the money that George Jones can get the Cobden Club to send over. As soon as Bourbon gets back from Ohio we shall probably go east, but you can direct your letters to Chicago until you hear from me again.

Affectionately yours,

NANCY BOURBON,
nee Independent.

P. S.—There was a very full meeting of Republican bolters held here last evening. Every one of the five Independents in the

city were present. A resolution was offered that "Lucifer was not as black as he was painted." After discussion, the reading of the Buffalo papers, pro and con, was called for, and on the vote being taken, three voted that he was as black, and two that he wasn't, so the motion was lost. After adjournment an enterprising reporter ascertained that the three who voted yea, had bolted the second time, and had said that they should vote for St. John. The presumption is that they will keep on bolting as long as the candidates hold out.

Carter Harrison tries to tease me, by saying that no reliance can be placed on the Independents. He says they are something like a balky horse. If a horse makes his first balk in a public street he attracts a great deal of attention and draws a big crowd, and seems to like it, and the very first favorable chance he gets he will balk again. Like the bolters, he seems to want to show his independent horse character. Carter, you know, is quite a horseman, if he is a mayor.

Once more yours,

NANCY.

P. S. again.—I see by the papers it is reported that in Buffalo, Cleveland's own town, there has not been a single Cleveland and Hendricks flag raised yet, while twelve or fourteen Blaine and Logan banners are floating to the breeze. This needs looking into. Will you please write to some of that sweet band of sixteen and have the matter attended to immediately.

Twice more yours,

NANCY.

[New Haven Palladium, August 26.]

BOURBON AND NANCY.

Continue their Wedding Journey—Another Letter from the bride. A Lost Candidate Restored—Hendrick's Anger, etc., etc.

The friends and admirers of Bourbon Free Trade and she that was Miss Nancy Independent, will doubtless be glad to hear that they have left Chicago and are continuing their bridal journey eastward, having reached Buffalo, N. Y., on the 18th inst. Another letter from the dissatisfied bride has been received, which we take pleasure in placing before our readers.

GENESEE HOUSE, Buffalo, N. Y., }
Aug. 21, 1884. }

My Dear Mr. R.——

The indefatigable and tireless activity which characterizes the American people, together with the great power of the public press as an advertising medium, has never in my judgment been more signally displayed than during the last few days. On August 15 the notice that a Democratic candidate for the presidency was **LOST OR STRAYED,** which I sent you, was

first inserted in the newspapers, and on the 20th he had been found and restored to an anxious constituency. So speedy a response to just one "ad" makes it necessary that the circumstances relating to it should be told. They are as follows:—

Immediately on the reward of $999 being offered by Hubert O. Thompson, a searching party of sixteen was organized in the city of Buffalo, with Sergeant Ansley Wilcox in command, Rev. Kingsley Twining, of New York, being added to the number as chaplain.

A full stock of double canned Appolonaris water, cigars, and all other necessaries of life having been provided this sweet little band of devoted and self-sacrificing patriots started out on their perilous journey. They entered the great Adirondack wilderness by the Ogdensburg and Malone route, and on the second day reached the banks of the St. Regis. They proceeded quite slowly, searching every nook and corner and investigating every busy body's idle tale. They were borne over limpid streams and glassy lakes. They toiled over rugged mountains whose topmost summits pierced the clouds. They wearily marched through pathless woods where the "glittering sunlight of publicity" never penetrated—woods never trodden before save by the fierce savage, or the still fiercer Conywiggle, or perhaps by the object of their search, the sacred white elephant of Buffalo.

At last the trail was struck; the figures 329 were discovered marked with chalk on rocks and trees and the party knew at once that Smith M. Weed had been there. This trail was followed for many a long and toilsome mile, when success at last crowned their efforts. On the fifth day, as they were pursuing a westerly course, along the pebly shores of a small stream, which is an affluent of the great Au Sable, they found a wayfaring man fishing for bullheads. It proved to be one of the candidate's companions, Mr. Weed, and a few rods further on the candidate himself was found in an almost famished condition. Every bottle was empty, even the husks of the prodigal were exhausted, and for some days his life had been sustained by chewing on Blaine's letter. At the very moment of discovery his physician, Dr. Ward, was patting him on the back to save him from a fit of strangulation, he having bitten off more of the letter than he could chew.

Stimulants were at once administered, but not until he was informed that Butler's manifesto had been published did he seem to revive. He was immediately placed on one of Barnum's mules, which the sucker party had brought with them, and was led out of the woods and put in communication with his party, and friends and children. Bourbon and myself were in Buffalo at the time the glad tidings were flashed over the wires, and we thought that the bells of the city were rung in honor of the event, but we afterwards ascertained that it was an alarm of fire in the Third ward. Mr. Weed is reported to have said that the candidate occupied his time while in the woods, in practising on a snare drum, in order that he might attempt to beat the tattoo.

It is gratifying to know that the toils, and the sufferings and pri-

vations of both the rescued and the rescuers have not been in vain, as the interests of science, literature and the arts have been looked out for, and will doubtless be greatly advanced.

The records of the toilers were found intact, and, as you know, have been published to the world in the form of Cleveland's letter of acceptance. A production which is so mighty and powerful in its logic, so lofty and statesmanlike in its conception, so pure and brilliant in its style, and so convincing in its argument, that it will be sure to take rank with those immortal state papers of Jackson, of Madison and of Jefferson—the father and grandfather and great grandfather of the spoils democracy—and of those of George William Curtis, its mother-in-law, and of Carl Schurz, its old Aunt Betty. It is in fact a document so grand that it will go "thundering down the ages," and Bourbon said last night that he hoped to thunder that it would be ages befere he saw another one like it. I have only space to quote from it one passage. Mr. Cleveland says: "I believe the public temper is such that the voters of the land are prepared to support the party which gives the best promise of administering the government in the honest, simple and plain manner which is consistent with its character and purposes."

They will, Grover—they will, and do not let the sweet sleep of childhood's happy hours forsake your eyelids, fearing that they will not. By the way, my friend, I noticed that your last letter was somewhat less spirited than your former ones. Does the committee of twenty-five overwork you as its secretary? Write again and be as cheerful as possible under the depressing outlook of the campaign. With assurances of my kind regard,

I remain affectionately yours,

NANCY BOURBON,
nee Independent.

P. S.—I think I neglected to inform you of a little incident that took place in Chicago before we came away. Mr. Hendricks had stopped over there on his return to Indianapolis, and a reception was tendered him by a few members of the Democracy in one of the parlors of the Palmer House. I wore my new double-breasted polonaise of white nuns-veiling, trimmed with garnet velvet, over the black silk skirt I wore at my wedding. I think I must have appeared well, for I received considerable attention from a number of the gentlemen present, and Bourbon said that I looked less like a "Chump" than at any time since our marriage. There were about two hundred in the party and a prosessional elocutionist was engaged to help entertain them. He read for his first selection the

"LAUS DEO,"

by John G. Whittier, written on hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.

"It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun,
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!

How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town.

Ring O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells,
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time.

* * * * * * *

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth;
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing
Bells of joy! On mornings wing
Send the sound of praise abroad
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that he reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!"

The Professor read it beautifully, and I quite admired it, but that unfortunitate selection broke up the gathering. Mr. Hendricks was as mad as a hatter. You remember, he was one of the six Senators who worked and voted against the passage of that amendment, and he took it as a personal insult, and left the room, and I was told that he skipped the town that night.

The committee were quite angry at the reader for making that selection and refused to pay him for his services. If there should a lawsuit grow out of it I will try to get you and Simeon retained as counsel.

Once more yours,

NANCY.

SONG OF "THE RIFF RAFF."

AIR—"*Kingdom Comin'*."

O, white folks, have you seen them gather—
The mighty "riff raff" crew?
They come from the north and they come from the south,
And they come from the great west too.
They see the plume of their knightly chief,
In the pine-tree state of Maine:
And where it waves they'll gladly follow
Our gallant leader, Blaine.

CHO.—Oh, the Bolters cry "Ah, ha!"
And the "riff raff" shout the more—
Oh, it must be now that Blaine is coming,
In the year of eighty four.

'Twas the brave "riff raff" that saved the nation
From traitorous rebel hands;
And they are the men who give protection
To the people from all lands
Our Ship of State sails proudly onward,
With the harbor full in view,
With Logan for the mate, and Blaine for the captain,
And a gallant "riff raff" crew.

CHO.—Oh, the Bolters cry, "Ah, ha!"
And the "riff raff" shout the more—
Oh, it must be now that Blaine is coming,
In the year of eighty-four.

Oh, the bolters try to make us trouble,
And they join the Bourbon throng,
But they are so pure, and good, and lovely
That they couldn't do anything wrong.
They've left us on the eve of Battle,
And we hope they've gone to stay—
"They are wise enough, and big enough, and ought to known better
Than to went and run away."

CHO.—Oh, the Bolters cry, "Ah, ha!"
And the "riff raff" shout the more—
Oh, it must be now that Blaine is coming,
In the year of eighty-four.

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